

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithar,

Draw out his Table-booke,

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotitie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasies, such infociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of orthographie, as to speake dour fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debtd e b r, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; neighabreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Lauda deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Borne boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides ne quis uenit?*

Peda. *Vide, & gaudis.*

Brag. Chittra.

Peda. Quasi Chittra, not Sitra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most militarie fir salutation.

Boy. They haue bene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mountier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added.

Page. Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the first if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snap, snap, quick & home, it reioyeth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe penny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungel* for *unguentum*.

Brag. *Artis-man presbular*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or Mons the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question* as much, say O.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Pauilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Peda. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head, and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too; but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Soldier, a man of trauell, that hath scene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the Princeesse (sweet chieke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-work. Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say none so fit as, to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabees*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the *Page Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuise: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this sadge nox, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Peda. *Via good-man Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. He make one in a dance, or for or I will play

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey. Exit.
Peda. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,

Rosa. As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:

For he hath bene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallows too:

Rosa. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and

so the died: had she bene Light like you, of such a mer-

rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere

she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Rosa. What's your darke meaning moule, of this light

word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rosa. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kath. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:

Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Rosa. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rosa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Rosa. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you haue a Favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beaucous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kath. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Rosa. Ware penfals. How? Let me not die your debtor,

My red Domini call, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I besheew all Shrowes:

But *Katherine*, what was sent to you

From faire *Dumaine*?

Kath. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kath. Yes Madame: and more ouer,

Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translation of hypocritic,

Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longanile*.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart

The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Qu. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Rosa. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.

That same *Berowne* ile tortu

O that I knew he were but i

How I would make him faw

And wait the season, and ob

And spend his prodigall wi

And shape his seruice wholl

And make him proud to ma

So pertaunt like would I o

That he should be my foole,

Qu. None are so surely ca

As Wit turn'd foole, follie in

Hath wisdoms warrant, an

And Wits owne grace to gra

Rosa. The bloud of youth h

As grauities reuolt to want

Mar. Follie in Fooles be

As fool'ry in the Wise, whe

Since all the power thereof

To proue by Wit, worth in

Enter Boy

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*,

Boy. O I am stab'd with l

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, pr

Arme Wenches arme, incour

Against your Peace, Loue do

Armed in arguments, you'll

Muste your Wits, stand in y

Or hide your heads like Cow

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. Ch

That charge their breath aga

Boy. Vnder the coole sh

I thought to close mine eyes

When lo to interrupt my pur

Toward that shade I might b

The King and his companio

I stole into a neighbour thic

And ouer-heard, what you

That by and by disguis'd the

Their Herald is a pretty kna

That well by heart hath con

Action and accent did they

Thus must thou speake, and

And euer and anon they ma

Preffence maiesticall would p

For gooth the King, an Ang

Yet feare not thou, but spea

The Boy reply'd, An Angell

I should haue fear'd her, had

With that all laugh'd, and cl

Making the bold wagg by th

One rub'd his elboe thus, an

A better speech was neuer sp

Another with his finger and

Cry'd *via*, we will doe't, con

The third he caper'd and cri

The fourth turn'd on the toe

With that they all did tumb

With such a zelous laughter

That in this spleene ridiculou

To checke their folly passio

Qu. But what, but wha

Boy. They do, they do;

Like *Muscoutes*, or *Russians*,

Their purpose is to paflee, to